# THE
# Penitent Murderer:

OR,

An Exact and True RELATION taken from the Mouth of Mr. William Jury (lately Executed) concerning the Murder by him committed upon the Body of *William Pew*, Servant to Sir *Robert Long* in *Westminster*, upon Monday the 28th of *April* 1673: With the Reasons inducing him to that horrid Crime; His Resolution likewise to have killed the Maid; his taking away seven hundred-pound Bags, and his manner of disposing them.

*AS ALSO,*

His Tryal, Conviction, and Condemnation; With his Confession of the whole Fact, and his Contrition for the same; as it was delivered from his own mouth to a particular Friend, and by him Published, to prevent all False Reports.

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*Licensed* May 21. 1673.

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*LONDON*, Printed for *Roger Vaughan*, in Bishops-Court in *Little Old-Baily*, 1673.

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his Trial, Condemnation and [illegible] Death.
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LONDON, Printed for [illegible]

# *The Penitent Murderer, &c.*

MR *William Ivy* (the unhappy Subject of this following Discourse) was a Gentleman, descended from the Ancient Family of the *Iviet* in Wiltshire, his Grandfather Sir *George Ivy*, his Uncle Sir *Thomas Ivy* of *Masbury* in the County of *Wilts*; and his Father though a younger Brother, yet endowed with a Fortune plentiful enough to afford him liberal Education; But his own promptness and readiness to learn, and his industry to improve that Learning, made him so little chargeable to his Friends, that after having been but a while at School at *Weymouth*, he grew capable of himself, and attained to an Imployment for his own Maintenance, after which he became Clerk to Mr. *Blake* (one of the late Surveyor-Generals of his Majesty's Customs) with whom he remained till the death of the said Mr. *Blake*; alwayes behaving himself so, as to deserve the reputation of Diligent and Virtuous.

This had been encouragement enough to any indulgent Parent to take a particular care of, and have a peculiar delight in a Child; and his Father made as fair a show of it as any man could do, and seem'd industriously

to labour for his settlement, who had taken hitherto so good a care of himself; he therefore considering him now come to the 25th year of his age, determined to marry him, and in that his choice agreed with his Son's, pitching upon and encouraging him to the hopes of gaining Mrs. *Elizabeth Rowland*, late of the Three-Cups-Inn in *Breadstreet*, against either whose Person, Virtue, or Fortune no exceptions were to be made.

'Tis therefore no wonder if the young Gentleman had easily directed to her his whole thoughts and inclinations; and 'tis natural to Youth, when once they love, to affect the pursuing their Amours with all the Vigour and Gallantry they can, and any cross that lights in their way easily discontents them, and their eagerness turns into a kind of Frenzy; and the brain, thus distracted, is ready to admit any impression to arrive at its end; and so Natures, that were before perfectly pure and good, become the easier vitiated, and are hurried on to strange and prodigious Violencies.

Thus this unfortunate young Gentleman, finding some Friends falling off from their promises made to him in relation to his Marriage with the fore-named Mris. *Elizabeth Rowland*, began to think himself obliged in Honour to find some ways to prosecute it, and the studying upon it drove him into Malancholly, and Malancholly increased his discontent, and then is the Devils time of working, who never omitts the playing upon such Engins.

In this height of discontent he comes to Sir *Robert Lang*: (where he had long been acquainted) and, unhappily

happily for him, finds all the Family out of Town, but only one Young-man called *William Pew*, and a Maid-servant.

This Young-Man and Maid having before received their instructions from a Gentlewoman, House-keeper to Sir *Robert*, and Countrywoman to Mr. *Ivy*, treated him with all manner of Civility and Respect, and they drank a bottle of Wine together, after which the young-man and Mr. *Ivy* spent some time in surveying the Furniture of the House, and viewing the Pictures, till happening into a Room where some Guns lay, he took down one and shot at a Mark, and then putting the Gun in its place returned to his former divertisement of seeing the House, when coming into Sir *Robert Long's* Bed-Chamber he pull'd a Pistol out of his pocket and shot the young-man through the Back; who thereupon turning about, cryed out, *Mr. Ivy, how could you have so much cruelty to serve me thus?* upon which Mr. *Ivy* having a Cane in his hand struck him over the Head, on which he fell down and never spoke more.

But here may be observed with what cunning the Devil works, who could put into the invention of man the taking down a Gun and shuting at a Mark, that the noise of his Pistol might not afterwards be suspected.

The Youngman thus made sure of, he thought himself not secure whilst the Maid who was gone to dress him some Eggs might possibly come too soon to call him, & therefore dragging the Youngman into the Celler, and there covering him with what he could find, he makes haste to the Kitchin, with a full resolution to



have

have murdered the Maid likewise, at which he made many proffers, but was still prevented by that good Angel which protected her; so that in a little time came in another Maid, and then his evil Angel draws him off from that to Sir *Robert Longs* Money-Chest, whence he took seven hundred-pound baggs, two of which he never carried out of the house, the other five he carried into the Garden, four of which he laid within the house of office door, the other he carried away with him into *London*, and there changed it into Gold; the same night he came for two more, which he likewise carried away with him, and the other two he buried under the stairs of the Water-gate, which could not be found. The next day he changed the rest of his money into Gold, and took a resolution to take his leave of *England*.

But though he had so resolved in his mind, yet it was not in his power to act it; and all the while he was in *Southwark*, whither he went with intent to take Post for the Sea-side, he felt the load of Blood and the villany of his Crime giving him a check, and infusing into him (as himself expressed it) these kind of thoughts; *If I do get beyond Sea, and there live some time more in sins, in the midst of them all I may be served my self, as I my self have served the young-man:* and these considerations drew him again back to his Lodging, at one Mr. *Nash* a Strongwater-man's in *Little-Eastcheap*, where the Officers of Justice found and seized him, and brought him to (as himself with all desirable penitence confesses) his just and deserved punishment. His free confession

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of the whole matter of Fact, and his admirable Contrition for it before the Bench, immediately pleading *guilty*, and yielding up himself with a reverent submission to that punishment he confessed he had so justly deserved, leaves no room for any more to be said concerning his Tryal.

But here it is to be noted, that he had behaved himself alwayes with so much Civility and Regularity, that his Landlord thinking it impossible he should ever be guilty of so heinous a crime as that wherewith he was charged, was ready to offer himself to be his Bail.

From all which it may be observed, that neither Birth, Wit, Education, Industry, nor a habit of well living, can, without the especial Grace of God, free us from the snares of Satan; and therefore a much better use may be made of these fatal Accidents, then the common one of reviling and railing at the lapses of our Brethren, by a due consideration had of the necessity and Excellency of those two short Petitions of that Prayer taught us by our blessed Saviour, *Lead us not into Temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.*

FINIS.